news in, had three weeks before that been hanging around Si's clearing for several days, and Si had his eye on it. And here is where the amazing smartness of that bear was manifested. Si had a fat young pig that he intended to butcher soon, and it was this that the bear was prowling around after. The bear had made no positive attempt to get the pig, though, until a Saturday came. Then the calculating old pig stealer walked coolly and boldly out of the woods, made its way leisurely toward Si's pig pen and began deliberate proparations for taking the pig away. If you should ask any one at old Passadanky why the bear came out in broad daylight and proceeded confidently and without concern to its plundering, you would be stared at with surprise for your stupidity, and would receive for reply:

"What's the reason fer that astoundin' b'ar would receive for reply:

"What's the reason fer that astoundin' b'ar sturday, o' course, an' that Si Loper wasn't no more danger to b'arson Saturday than a spring's lamb would be. That b'ar know'd that he could go to Si's cleerin' of a Saturday an' carry off the bull cabodle of his and the inhabitants shouted:

"Hooray! The lear get up, whit' Fround that gun kin belech."

Then she saw the bear get up, whit's round the saw the bear get up, whit's round the saw the bear get up, whit's round the foot of in apple to you when you the wall to see what a good job he had done, but the farmer's wife. "How the grow there was at the wall to the ground in a heap. She waited am intuit for the wall to the argue the pig the pig away the saw and the foot of an apple tree, rubbing his spreamity somewhat confused as to the situation. His wife called to him. That we the situation. His wife called to him. That we the situation. His wife called to him. That we the situation. His wife called to him. That we the situation. His wife called to him. That we the situation in the fort and the foot of an apple tree, rubbing his spreamity somewhat confused as to the situation. His wife called to him. That we th

go to Si's cleerin' of a Saturday an' carry off the hull caboodle o' pigs an' calves an' sheep if he

wanted to, an' Si wouldn't as much as go outen the house an' holler 'Shoo!' at him. That's what that amazin' bar know'd:"

As Si Loper looked up from the pages of a devotional book he was reading, and saw through the window the coming of the bear upon its looting errand, he had to give mental commendation to bruin for its sagacity, but he also had to smile, for he felt that the bear had not builded quite so wisely as it thought it knew. Smart as that smart old bear was to have thus figured out Si Loper's conscientious scruples against doing things on the seventh day of the week, it was fataily at fault, because it had not at the same time figured out Sam Dingley and the war he felt about Saturday.

Sam Dingley lived at old Passadanky. He was Si's brother-in-law. He had gone up to Si's Friday night to spend a few days with him. This fact the cute old bear did not know. When Si saw the bear coming so confidently and aggravatingly impudent out of the woods, intent on carrying off the pig. Sam Dingley was taking a nap on the settee.

"Sam," said Si, quietly waking Sam up.

on carrying off the pig. Sam Dingley was taking a nap on the settee.

Sam," said Si, quietly waking Sam up.
"you hain't got no pertickler conscience ag'in earryin' ag un on Saturday, hey ye?"

"Me!" replied Sam. "Not a durn bit. Nor en Sunday, nuther."

"Look outen the winder, Sam," said Si, still quietly, "an' see if the's anything headin' for

seeing a man with a gun at Si Loper's on a Saturday is described as having been a sight to see,
and it left for the woods on the double-quick,
followed by all the lead there was in the gun,
And that was the start of the hunt for Si Loper's
bear. Sam Dingley stood guard over Si's pig
pen the best part of Saturday night, and it was
well that he did, for the bear came back four
times to try it's luck with the pig, anyhow.

The next day being Sunday, Si took actual
cognizance of the bear, and said that by the
way he heard the bear was acting the only
thing to do to save his pig was to kill it forthwith, which he and Sam did. After they had
killed the pig and dressed it, and hung the carcass up to cool, they went into the house to rest.
They had not been there more than half an
hour when Si's wife came running into the
house, screaming:

hour when Si's wife came running into the house, screaming:
"Hurry up, Silas! Hurry up! The ba'r's come back an 'is carryin' off the dead pig!"
Si grabbed his gun and rushed out, followed by Sam. Sure enough, the bear had come back, had aiready polited the pig down from the pole where it had been suspended by its hind legs, and was doing its best to take the coveted carcass back with it to the woods. Si blazed away with both barrels of his gun, and Sam yelled at tabe bear like a wild Indian. Dropping the pig, the bear stood a moment and growled and showed its teeth and snapped its jaws at the men, and then sullenly shuffled away and disappeared in the woods.

'The ain't no way to make sure that pig is safe. Sam," said Si, "'cept to kill that cumannerly b'ar."

men, and then sullenly shuffled away and disappeared in the woods.

"Tha ain't no way to make sure that pig is safe, sam," said \$1, "'cept to kill that cumannerly b'ar."

So he hung his porker up by the beels again and sent Sam to explain the precarious situation of affairs at the Loper farm to half a dozen neighbors living along the creek and summon them to come at once with guns and dogs and help toward rescuing \$1\text{i'en pig from danger by renning down the impudent bear.

Four men with guns and three dogs responded to the call. The bear's trail was taken at once. Sometimes it was a cold trail and sometimes it was a hot one, but the hunters followed it, determined not to give it up until they had laid brain low. They followed it a good many miles. "If we don't hev the luck to plug the owdactions of thief full o' lead," said \$1 Loper, at last, "I guess we've drivin' of him pooty well outen the neighborhood, anyhow, an' that's some conslation, anyhow."

"I don't know about that, \$1," said Sam Dingley, shaking his head. "I' looks to me pooty durn strong that the b'ar's a circlin' of us right back to ards your clearin' ag'in. That's the way it looks to me, Slias."

Sam had scarcely finished talking when they came square out into one of \$1\text{show} had helded. And the dog followed that bear's trail right across the field straight toward \$1\text{shout} house. "Can't be that the peaky ol' bandit has sneaked back ag'in to try another nip at the pig, kin it?" said \$3\text{i'}. Not with us a chasin' right at his heels; he wouldn't hev the cheek to do it, would he?"

The hunters quickened their steps, and before they got in sight of the house they heard a woman screaming at the top of her lungs.

"That's Sairy Ann!" exclaimed \$1\text{. The consarred b'ar is back ag'in, as sure as powder!"

The hunters quickened their steps, and before they got in sight of the house they heard a woman screaming at the top of her lungs.

"That's Sairy Ann!" exclaimed \$1\text{. The consarred b'ar is back ag'in, as sure as powder!"

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SHOE EYELETS.

One of the Comparatively Few Things That

There are many things that are sold by the gross, and not a few that are sold by the thousand, but there are not many that are sold by the million. Among the things that are so sold, however, are shoe eyelets.

Shoe eyelets are made of brass, by machines whose operation is almost entirely automatic. Three or four machines are required to produce the eyelet in the form in which it is sold, the brass being fed into the first machine in thin. flat strips. As sold to the shoe manufacturer, the eyelet is turned down at one end only. The eyelets look as much as anything like so many little hats with narrow brims and without any tops in the crowns. The upper end of the crown. is put through the evelet hole in the shoe. "you hain't got no pertickler conscience ag'in carryin' a gun on Saturday, hey ye?"

"Me!" repiled Sam. "Not a durn bit. Nor en Sunday, nuther."

"Look outen the winder, Sam," said Si, still quietly, Fan' see if that's anything headin' fer my pig pen."

Sam looked out of the window.

"Ba'r, by the great horn spoon!" cried Sam, "Ba'r, by the great horn spoon!" cried Sam, "Is that a gun I see hangin' out yender in the kitchen, Sam?" said Si, still quietly.

It was a gun, and Sam found it, and hurried out to use it on the bear. Bruin's surprise at seeling a man with a gun at Si Loper's on a Saturday is described as having been a sight to see, and it left for the weedler and of various sizes in diameter and of various sizes in diameter and of various sizes in diameter.

Eyelets are made of various sizes in diameter and of various lengths of shank or cylinder, according to the thickness of the material with which they are to be used; and after they come from the machines they are finished in great variety. Some are finished white-these are silver-plated; some are gilt finished and some are coppered. Eyelets are japanned in black or in various shades of russet; they are, in fact, made in any size and of any color that may be desired. Sooner or later the japanning wears off, exposing the brase. There are now made shoe eyelets that are covered with celluloid, which keep their color, but these are much more expensive than the kinds commonly used. Since eyelets are packed in boxes containing 1,000, 10,000, 100,000, 250,000, and 500,000 each. Eyelets of the kinds most commonly used are sold, according to sizes and styles, at prices ranging from \$00 to \$135 a million. The sale of shoe eyelets depends, of course, somewhat upon the prevailing style of shoe. When button shoes are more generally worn not so many shoe eyelets are sold, but the number sold is always very large.

Eyelets are made for a wide variety of uses, up to the great eyelets that are sewed into the corners of sail, through which the sail is

up to the great eyelets that are sewed into the corners of sails, through which the sail is lashed to the end of the boom or yard. Taking them all together the number is enormous; of shoe eyelets alone there are sold in this country some thousands of millions annually.

CUBA, THE DEVASTATED.

The Rain Described by a Havana Reporter -American Proteste.

KET WEST, Fla., Jan. 15 .- Letters from Haana say that the effect of Weyler's Bayate edict of the 1st inst. is felt with more intensity in the provinces of Havana and Matanzas than in Pipar del Rio.

A legal point has been made by the foreign property owners, especially the Americans, who have large properties in the provinces of Havana and Matanzas, which surely will lead to complications and claims on the Spanish

Havana and Matanzas, which surely will lead to complications and claims on the Spanish Government.

Weyler distinctly stated in his decree that those who wished to remain on their properties must exhibit the last tax bill paid. Astaxes are only levied on productive industries, and these planters have not been able to work on account of the abnormal conditions in the provinces since Gomer's invasion in December. 1895, no taxes have been collected since that time. Weyler has ordered unofficially that no sugar crop should be made, and now he wants the sugar planters to pay taxes on an industry which they have not been able to produce.

The result was that the manager of the sugar estate San Antonio, near Madruga. Havana, owned by Antonio Terry, an American citizen living in Parls, presented himself before Consul-General Lee, demanding protection, because the military commander of Madruga ordered him to abandon the place, one of the most valuable estates in the province, and worth at least \$500,000, because he did not present the required tax bill. Consul-General Lee presented the case to the Captain-General and the State Department at Washington. No replies have been received from Weyler or Olney.

To depict the situation in Pinar del Rio, nothing can be better than the report of a trip made by a correspondent of La Lucha:

"The fields are wasted and abandoned, the bushes and trees burned, the huts destroyed, the stone houses, in other times happy homes, converted by the hands of rebels and spanish alike into heaps of ruins, the biack and fallen walls of which, covered with lichen, only serve as a refuge for the lizards and owns; the can fields dried up and covered with bushes; the commands and fevers, in such a way that they resemble akeletons risen out of their tombs to appear before the final judgment."

A Negre Fire Eagine Company.

A Negro Fire Engine Company. From the Cleveland Leader.

Columbes, O., Jan. 12.—The ordinance introduced by Wilbur J. King. the colored member of the Council, to appoint eight colored fremen at the Oak street engine house, giving a full colored crow, was adopted by the Council last night.

was hovering, nearly motionless, at a great height above his head, and a single pellet of the charge crippled the hawk. The bird dropped almost at his feet, but, hampered though he was with one wing broken, proeeded promptly to tackle the sportsman. Mr. Hill grappled with the angry bird, and in the encounter that ensued had all the ground and lofty fighting he was able to attend to for several minutes. He finally got his antagopist down, and with his whole body, face down, resting on the hawk, that snapped and clawed and gnashed at him, managed to hold the bird's legs so that he fastened them with a stout cord. He took his captive home. On the route he had watched the uzly chap warfly. but having arrived at a stout coop in his fowl yard, in which he designed; to imprison the bird, he intermitted his caution for a moment, and, quick as a flash, the hawk jabbed ment, and, quick as all all the hawk jabbed him once in the hand with a partly loosened claw. The blow loosened both talens entirely, and the bird went at him again, beak and nail, mangling the man's hands and arms terribly. After a desperate conflict, in which both combatants rolled about the ground. Mr. Hill hasily reconquered his game, and bundled the bird not very tenderly into his coop.

"But when I did get, through with it," said the sportaman subsequently. "I can tell you I was a sight." His coat and waistcoat and shirt were torn into ribbons, and his body, especially his hands and face, gashed in many places. Mr. Hill's arms were swollen and extremely painful, and he did not recover from the effects of his injuries for more than a week. He no longer has any relish for rough-and-tumble encounters with nutmer blue hawks in nominal captivity.

"Give me coons or wild cats instead, or even worse," said he.

His blue hawk weighed fifteen pounds. It was the mightlest one, probably, ever taken in the State.

One, night, not long ago, Richard Wales, who dwells on the Bokum Road in the valley hamlet of Essex, entered his home, after a day's work, and found, a hig blue hawk perched, lonssomely, in the duek, on the top of his kitchen stove. Mr. Weles knocked it over without any preliminar; tactics with the stove poker. The bird had entered his homs through an open kitchen window.

One day while hunting in the wild country. him once in the hand with a partly loosened

poker. The bird had entered his home through an open kitchen window.

One day while hunting in the wild country about Tolland, Mass., a party of sportsmen of Ansonia, Conn., lucklip knocked down a mammoth Canadian hawk, about as big and feroclous as an American eagle, that was hovering far aloft. It was a handsome, lustrous, formidable-looking great fellow, with a tremendous spread of pinion, a flerce temper, and powerful beak and claws, and measured between four and five feet from tip to tip. The Canadian hawk is very rarely met with in southern New England. The one killed by the Connecticut hunters was dove-colored on

mendous spread of pinion, a flerce temper, and cowerful beak and claws, and measured between four and five feet from tip to tio. The Canadian hawk is very rarely met with in southern New England. The one killed by the Connecticut hunters was dove-colored on the back, and the breast and the under side of the wings were mottled, drab and white, in hue. There were a few white feathers on the head, while the tail feathers, except the long and side ones, were snowy white. The piumage was heavy and soft, the breast full like that of a partridge, while the expression of the sharp visare was flerce and vicious. The hawk, the Deople of Toiland said, had been having great sport, living on the fat of the land in the fowl yards of that region for several weeks. He soared craftly and with great squad downward into a squad of unwary hens, like a falling aerolite. Just before he was slain he had slaug, tered a farmer's prize rooster, weighing six pounds, and borne it easily through the air into the remote woodlands. It was a genuine eagle hawk, of a species so called by Yankee hunters on account of the great size and ferocity of the birds, that was killed recently by charles H. Crandall of District No. 9, near Westerly, R. 1. Just esast of the Nutmes border. Mr. Crandall and his fine bird dog were tralling across open pasture land at the time in search of game birds of altogether another sort. The dog was tracking a field somewhat in advance of his owner, when, of a sudden, without giving either a premonitory sign, the eagle hawk swept like a lightning flash across the welkin and drove his needle like taions into that incautious dog's flash.

"The dug was signrised," said his master afterward, "there's no doubt about that; erdenily surmised for a moment he had been carromed on by a meteorite, and so, for a starter, jumped about a rod through the brush, kiyling for all he was worth. But he stopped after a spell, his sense, having cone, back to him, and he just lay high down and clawed on him. But he was worth. But he stopped a

out. Perhaps she thought she was feeling strong enough just then to get away with him sangle-handed, and expected to make a meal of him in the end. She was a beauty, all the same, and mighty near as big as a full-grown eagle. She had a beak savage-looking as a steel trap, and claws equal to a tiger cat's. I never heard of such a thing, though, as a hawk of any kind tackling a full-size hunting dog before. There's no doubt at all she was hungry. But what I would like to know is what on earth my old dog thought of the whole performance. Must have been a surprise party. Iffe size, to him. Old Tige was game, though, for all he was surprised

ont of his wite. I actually had to yell as him the critical without of the control of the critical control of the control of the critical control of t through the formidable network of tree limbs and creepers, since it was panting heavily and its pitunage was somewhat dishevelled. With his withy waron whip the Collector at once took a hand in the struggle, striking sharply at the wrathful and flouncing bird of prey. Thereupon the hawk boldly charged upon him and for several minutes he had business shough for one man to do to fend off his plucky and vicious adversary. But, with the aid of his whiplash, he hally prevailed in the fight; the hawk swiftly cut awar through the wild wood, and the partridge dropped to the ground, Mr. Sloan picked it up and a moment later had stowed it securely under his carriage seat. That was the bird he had, nicely broiled, for his New Year's dinner.

gutter until she was arrested. A man who was in court informed Justice Waish that the woman was his wife, but that her name was hot Brewer. He said she had attended a dinner and had taken too much wine. She was found guilty, but sentence was suspended.

Going from bad to worse, she launches another denunciation against the visitor's room. She

breath with these moving takes. Comfort and convenience are not exciting. Still they are comfortable and convenient, and that's something. Somebody ought to ask this unfortunate English woman to comeover into Macedonia and visit us. Frobably no one will however. She doesn't seem to recommend herself to neople desiring to be hostesses. Therefore, for her benefit, a slight account of the kind of a visitor's room which we supply to deserving guests may be given.

The visitor's room on this side of the Atlantic is a lovely spot. There is almost always a win-

dow, but in the rare cases where this is not present, a transom over the door is furnished. In both cases the iron bars to prevent the escape of the greets are painted red, white, and blue, as a reminder of liberty. There is often a carpet on the floor. If this cannot be, the boards are always painted when women from Boards are always painted when women from Boards are expected. Under no circumstances are their modest glances shocked by the sight of a bare floor. The furniture includes one or two Windsor chairs, by way of compliment to rovaity. The bed is of the best straw, renewed semi-annually, and the feather bed will always be found on the shelf in the closet. Lest the prejudices of the guests be offended by an unvelcome variety of seap, this postscript is always added to an invitation:

"P. S.—Please bring your own soap."

The hostess always accompanies a guest to her room, helping her to carry up her trunk, and sometimes sanding one of the children back after the handbag. When the hostess has called the guest's attention to this card:

PLEASE DO NOT BLOW OUT THE GAS.

she opens the top bureau drawer and explains that the end toward the closet door has been cleared out for this visit and that it is at the visitor's disposal. She explains that the things in the other end are the belongings of her grandmother, who died in that room, in that bed, all alone, about this time last year. The visitor need not be afraid of ghosts, however. In fact, in order that she may feel quite at home, the hostess's small boy, Johnnie, will sleep with her. Instead of allowing the spiders to disturb the vigils of the night, the hostess audibly steps on all she can find, leaving ample evidence of their destruction. In short, everything is done for the comfort of a guest. No pains are spared, either to the hostess or to the visitor, to make the coession a memorable one.

THE HERR COMMERZIERRATH.

"They never exchange the time of day there." he was wont to say in his plaintive way. "The

A German Banker Without Gulle and His Treatment of an American in Need. Old Wilhelm Roscher, the founder of the his torical school of political economy, never wea ried during his later years in telling the Leip sic students of the strange things he had seen in the London banks.

customer rushes in, without saying 'Good morning,' or 'How are you?' He doesn't even take his hat off or sit down; as a general thing they don't even have chairs for the customer he catches up his book and hurries off. Ah young gentlemen, how much that tells you of the business methods of the English people." A person who had had experience with German banks was never surprised to find Ros still marvelling at the strange things he had seen in London. In a Berman city, even as busy as Leipsic, it is a slow and deliberately elaborate operation to deposit or draw money A man sits down at the table in front of the

cashier's desk and composes himself before opening business negotiations. He takes off his hat and overcoat, sets out his book or letter credit, wishes everybody good morning. and then in courteous, unabbreviated Ger man, makes known his wants. Then he site still for lifteen minutes while his book or letter of credit travels around among the men behind the deaks, and the bookkeepers and cashie are making sure of every detail in the momen tous transaction in hand. At' the end of fifteen minutes the cashier clears his throat makes some conventional comment on the state of trade, or weather, and with quaint courtesy delivers the book or letter of credit or money to the customer. There is a general exchange of "Good mornings," the customer matter of depositing or drawing \$40 or \$50 is ever; another incident of mercantile diplo-macy is closed.

macy is closed.

Some persons might think that, in view of this formality and red tape, the German banks in provincial cities were subjects for ridicule. Perhaps they are, but the American who is writing this little piece found, in them some good things that have caused him to regard them with a fondness akin to friendship ever since he left the fatherland, and was obliged to begin doing business under the steely and suspicious eyes of the men behind the grated windows of the average American bank. He will tell here just one experience to show how a German bank may come sometimes to the rescue of a man who in England or America would be left to dron dead or do something else equally bad, while waiting for the boost that never came. persons might think that, in view of

And the state of t

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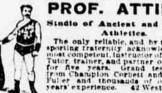
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